

THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC

Established 1899.

THE COLORADO CATHOLIC

Established 1884.

Consolidated October 2, 1899.

Published Every Saturday by The Intermountain Catholic Publishing Company, 249 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Telephone 567.

\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances should be made by postoffice or express money orders, drafts or registered letters.

CHANGING ADDRESSES.

Subscribers removing from one place to another, and desiring papers changed, should always give former as well as present address.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

The Rev. and Clergy are requested to send to THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC news, contributions of interest to their respective parishes.

(Entered in the Postoffice at Salt Lake as Second-class Matter.)

OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT.

Editor Intermountain Catholic:

My Dear Sir—Replying to your favor asking my approval of The Intermountain Catholic since its establishment in this diocese, I will state that I consider the founding of a Catholic paper in Salt Lake not the least of the many blessings bestowed by Providence on the Church here during the past two years. Its birth occurred at an opportune time. Its real propagating Catholic truth has had, since its inception, my hearty thought and approval. I believe with our Holy Father that "a good Catholic journal is a perpetual mission in a parish," and that it will serve as a question box, at all times, for anxious inquirers. In my visitations I shall hope to find The Intermountain Catholic in the home of every Catholic family. Its mission is to espouse truth, justice and morality, and all devoted priests will find it an able co-operator in their missionary work. It is my wish that all my priests and the laity entrusted to my charge should encourage your noble effort and that of the generous founder of The Intermountain Catholic. Yours sincerely,

Bishop of Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 2, 1900.

CARD FROM BISHOP SCANLAN.

I feel it my duty to protect Catholics and the public generally from fraud and imposition by notifying them from time to time that no person bearing the name and garb of a priest or sister, or anyone else, is authorized or permitted to solicit or collect in this diocese for any purpose whatever connected with the Catholic Church without having from me permission in writing, bearing my seal and signature. Should anyone be found engaged in doing this unlawful work or collecting without such a document, he or she, as the case may be, should be regarded by all as a fraud and an impostor.

Nov. 20, 1899.

Archbishop Keane of Dubuque states that when that city elects the right man for mayor he (the Archbishop) will undertake a war against the awful immorality of the place. The Paulist Fathers of New York are taking an active interest in purifying the Tenderloin district of that city.

In blissful ignorance that they were rivals for the Democratic nomination for city treasurer, Fisher Harris and Steve Lynch were trying to catch fish in the waters of Emigration canyon the day of the convention. We know that such an exhibition of unselfish partisanship shocks the nerve of the Tammany politician. We know it looks as if the Democratic party in Salt Lake polled only the votes of "me and my wife and my son John." It is not so hopeless as it seems. Democrats may lay the unction to their souls that this example of serene unanimity has its reward. To prove it, Fisher Harris and Steve Lynch came back to town with fish. For the rest, as King David said, "all is vanity."

If the writer were in Butte at this time he would be seated somewhere in the Grand opera house, listening to the voices of Butte's sweet singers in behalf of Father Callahan's church fund. We know that Mrs. Fitz Butler will sing, and we are inclined to the opinion that the voice of Mrs. Ignatius Donnelly will be heard. Now, if we could imagine Father Callahan divested of cassock and berratta, and one of the chorists, his clarion voice would be easily distinguished in the harmony of song. Full many a time we have heard it mingling with those of the children in the hymns of the early mass.

In refreshing contrast to the exhibition of Anglo-Americanism developed through the presence of the Royal British Artillery company at Boston, was the banquet given by the American-Irish Historical society. The dinner took place at the Hotel Brunswick, last Monday night, in the same city, and celebrated the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, in 1781. The capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army was a crushing blow to British supremacy on this continent. Many officers and men of Irish birth or descent served in the patriot forces at the siege and capture of Yorktown. The American artillery, for instance, was commanded by General Knox, who was a member of the Charitable Irish society, Boston, and of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Philadelphia. Colonel Richard Butler of the last named organization also participated in the siege. In the forces of our French allies were Count Dillon and many other gallant officers and men of Irish lineage. In the changes which time has wrought in Boston, perhaps the most important is the one which reflects patriotism greatest in the breasts of foreigners and their descendants, and least among those whose forbears were prominent actors in the war which achieved our independence. Boston is yet an American city, but it is so because the Irish make it so.

Who is it does not know John Maguire? Old yet young John Maguire, who puts you to thinking of the Scotch sons of "John Anderson, my Joe, John," when you greet him after a year's separation? "This years since his 'bonnie locks were brown, John,'" but the veteran theatrical manager is the same hopeful, genial, companionable John Maguire, feeling not a day older than the youthful stars he brings before the footlights. The same John Maguire who had the nerve to bring Sarah Bernhardt to the toughest mining camp on earth, as Butte was at the time John Maguire managed the only first class shows in all Montana. It was like lifting the curtain of a dark room and looking into the sunshine when John

Maguire called upon the writer, last Sunday morning, after the last mass. Both men fell to talking about the old timers of the stage who have passed through the wings to the Beyond and whose voices will be heard no more. "Who now lives to take their place?" asked John Maguire with a sigh. And the answer is the same as the query: "Who now lives to take their place?"

Rev. E. I. Goshen of the First Congregational church preached to a congregation last Sunday morning that was measured only by the capacity of the auditorium. People were turned away, unable to get into the building. The platform laid down by the new pastor is causing considerable uneasiness among members of the Ministerial association, to which mutual admiration society Rev. Goshen announced he would not seek fellowship. Moved by curiosity not unmixed with interest, members of the other evangelical churches are pulling up stakes and seeking the new salvation diggings with the same alacrity miners scatter after a richly discovered strike in the hills. We beg the Ministerial association to cease its lamentations. Find solace and courage in the example of the Evanston (Ill.) pastor who headed off a threatened exodus of his congregation by providing coffee and sandwiches before and after the Dooling.

Martin I. J. Griffin, that veteran iconoclast whose industrious research has vastly promoted Irish and Catholic history development in this country, (albeit with inadequate appreciation), is too busy just now to look into Corporal Tanner's story about Major Patrick Kiernan and the Eighth Pennsylvania at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Replying to our suggestion, Mr. Griffin begs us to remember what Priscilla said to John Alden: "Why not do it yourself, John?" He adds this sage bit of comment: "It is a new idea that any glorification statement about any of our race and creed should be verified. That has not been done heretofore. Tanner's statement is sufficient for our orators and graphic writers. It tells all they need to know. They can manufacture from their imaginations all else, and the story will be as varied as the minds. Investigation might prove that Major Patrick was neither Irish nor a Catholic. All the Patriots in American history were not Irish, though we claim all as our own. Even the historical proficient, our Governor Pennypacker, blundered at the recent Emmet meeting in lauding Patrick Henry as an Irishman. But isn't it strange that we boastful Irish-blooded American Catholics really know so little of the good and great doings of our own in the upbuilding of this republic. We declare we have done much. So we have, but we have not the proof ready for service. Now you get to work and get at the truth about Major Patrick. I have heard of other work. After you have solved the matter you will find few who will care anything about it."

BEN HUR'S DISCOVERY.

Today, as we write, a line of person of both sexes, anxious to secure seats for the performance of "Ben Hur," reaches from the box office almost to the next street corner. There is something admirable in the novel creating "Ben Hur." What there is to the drama beyond the spectacular, we have little knowledge. That little is drawn from the bills announcing the performance. The illuminated posters contain a picture of the chariot race. Probably this is the feature which excites the throng patiently awaiting their turn at the box office.

If there be sermons in stones, surely we may find in the drama much to move emotion. No matter how artfully the dramatist brings out Ben Hur, the central figure of Lew Wallace's great book, he cannot reveal its chief importance in the scene where the chariots are racing. To the religious mind, the scenes necessarily omitted because they would embrace the soul part of the written story, lie in those leaves of the novel where Ben Hur first meets the boy Christ, and again discovers him on his way to Calvary. This is a part no dramatist could make clear. Stage language is inadequate for the purpose; so is the scenery.

In the early chapters of "Ben Hur," this Jewish hero's enemy is a Roman youth of patrician blood. One can comprehend the persecutions of the Jews under the Caesars in the light of the persecutions of the present by the Gentiles, or Christians. It so happened that, through the malicious vengeance of the Roman youth, Ben Hur was seized, bound and carried over the desert, destined to slavery. On the road his captors halted near a well, around which were camped a little Jewish caravan. Flung upon the ground, nearly dead from exhaustion, Ben Hur closed his eyes in anguish. Opening them, he saw bending over him a youth, whose countenance expressed sublime pity. The youth held a cup of water to the lips of Ben Hur. The act, the heavenly face, burned itself into the soul of the unhappy Jew.

As it usually turns out in novels, there appears a time when Ben Hur overcomes the obstacles which his enemies set for his destruction, and he witnesses their discomfiture. This so happened in the chariot race, where he defeated the Roman youth who caused him so much misery. As we said before, this, to the religious mind, is not the important part of the novel. It comes in response to Ben Hur's desire for a Messiah, whom he imagines, could be no other than a person able to destroy the power of the Romans and rebuild Judea. He hears about this Jesus of Nazareth, the miracles he performs and the multitudes who listen to his teachings. Such a man, to Ben Hur's mind, is the only one to crush Rome and uplift the people. Such a man is the promised Messiah. The same thought guides human desire and ambition at this day, and will forever. The Messiah must be a man of wrath, a man of inexorable justice.

And where did Ben Hur at last find this powerful Messiah, after vainly seeking him in the temple and all about Jerusalem? On the road to Calvary, somebody told him, to be crucified there. Away started Ben Hur to overtake the mob. He is sure he could persuade this Messiah to listen to the plans he had laid and the men at his command for insurrection. One word from the Nazarene and the spears would drop from the Roman soldiery. One word, and rebellion would be

lighted upon all the hills of Judea. He overtakes the mob and breathlessly makes way to the central figure. He is beside him now, and his hand upon his arm. One look of agony from the sacred eyes, and then Ben Hur perceives in that countenance the youth who succored him while he lay prostrate in the desert. This was the Messiah, but the Messiah of love and forgiveness, even to innumerable death. Ben Hur turned away. A mighty truth was revealed to him through that gaze of the Savior. Ben Hur was a disciple of Christ, the meek and lowly Christ, from that hour.

Those who perceive God in everything which carries his name to our hearts, will sometimes find in a novel more to excite devotion than even in books of devotion. Lew Wallace probably did not write "Ben Hur" with this end in view. Nevertheless he has unconsciously aided a devotion to which Catholics are warmly attached—the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

JOHN CAPLICE.

To no name in Montana do we bend with greater respect than to that of John Caplice. To none, save it be that of the great Father Marquette, who explored the wilds of the upper Missouri and planted the cross along its banks. To none do we yield greater affection, because his like is not in Montana, and Montana is the state above all others to boast of the chivalry of its pioneers.

John Caplice is dead. It comes like the shock which shivers the pillars of the temple he helped to build so well for Montana. One day he would pass away as we all must pass away, yet we put the thought of his passing from us. It seems so natural to see John Caplice, even though his presence be but visionary and miles separated him from us. The erect figure, which nearly eighty years of an eventful life could not bend to age, belonged to Caplice; neither did trouble wrinkle the face that passed for that of a man yet in his prime. It was a heroic determination to make the best of things in adversity and accept God's will cheerfully which preserved the youth in the man of eighty.

Of his career, more can be said in the future history of Montana than the all-too-brief mention made by the Montana press. A book might be written which could give the history of the state through John Caplice's participation in that history. It would go back before Thomas Francis Meagher became its governor, after the Civil war. Thomas Francis Meagher was the bosom friend of John Caplice. It was Caplice who oftentimes raised the general out of the grave, financially and physically. It pained Caplice to hear repeated any story of the general's weaknesses. He would turn it off by describing some excellent quality of the distinguished Irish patriot and American soldier. Just like John Caplice.

It was just like John Caplice to speak thus of all men, or be silent. Not that he was afraid to voice opinion, but genuine Christian charity punctuated his conversation. There was no room for bigotry in the mind, no syllable of slander on the tongue of John Caplice. It is as Judge Dixon of Butte expressed it: "John Caplice had no enemy." Neither could he have an enemy, for his was a nature to be loved. He never did a person the slightest injury.

May God have mercy on his soul.

THE HARM IN PATENT MEDICINES.

It is some time ago since the typhoid fever epidemic, and we do not remember if the state board of health were charged with any shortcomings. If so, they now have a chance to restore confidence damaged through adverse criticism, in the stand they engage to take against the multiplicity of quack nostrums sold as patent medicines. Dr. Beatty, secretary of the board, advised that the state chemist analyze samples of patent medicines secured from various drug stores in this city, and that a pamphlet be published for general distribution, showing up the villainous of these fake preparations. The secretary's recommendations were adopted.

To a large extent this investigation is in line with the examinations going on in behalf of temperance. We mean, through scientific analysis and not through the crazy methods of Carrie Nation. Before us is a copy of the "Fourth Report of the Committee of Fifty on Various Aspects of the Liquor Question," covering the physiological aspects of that question. Treating of the physical effects of alcohol, the experiments of Dr. Abel lead him to conclusions with which the committee agree. He says that alcohol, in moderate quantities (the doctor emphasizes moderate quantities) does not appreciably affect the action of the heart itself, either in the way of stimulation or depression. Parenthetically he remarks that in very large quantities, such as result in helpless intoxication, alcohol is a direct and powerful depressant of the heart. Dr. Abel says alcohol does not affect the walls of the arteries and veins, nor the arterial blood pressure. In large quantities the action is depressing upon the nerve centers which control the arteries and the action of the heart. Alcohol stimulates the respiratory functions, highly flavored wines, etc., producing more pronounced action than plain alcohol. The action of alcohol on the nervous system is one of its most important and most unfortunate characteristics. It is this action which leads to the "craving" for drink.

Alcohol stimulates muscular work, but a paralyzing action always succeeds the stimulation, and further doses do not renew the stimulation equally; but some depressing effect also follows the use of tea, coffee or kola.

The action of alcohol in the brain is the prime cause of alcoholic consumption. "Elderly people and invalids may receive benefit from moderate drinking, and there are many, in whom the exacting duties and friction of life cause mental tension and overwrought nerves, who find a good restorative in a glass of wine taken with dinner at close of day; but the use of alcohol is not a necessity of social life, and there is no reason why alcohol should not be abolished from the world, and the craving which it satisfies turned into some other channel."

The paper on "temperance drinks" is interesting, if not as important as some. The statistics

show an enormous consumption of these beverages; for instance, in Massachusetts at least 300,000 bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are sold annually, "and as this contains over 26 per cent of alcohol, it is clear that many are partaking pretty freely of an alcoholic drink without perhaps being aware of it." A very large variety of drinks containing a greater percentage of alcohol than ordinary wines and beers are consumed in rigorous total abstinence circles, one of its foremost advocates permitting her picture to be used as an advertisement of one of the most alcoholic of these drinks. Tables give a list of forty-two such preparations, containing from 6 per cent, as a minimum, to 42 per cent, as a maximum, of alcohol. Mentioning a few at random, we find: Paine's Celery Compound, 21 per cent; Hoodland's German Bitters, "entirely free from alcoholic stimulants," 25 per cent alcohol; Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, 24 per cent; Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters, 35 per cent; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, 26 per cent; Hood's Sarsaparilla, 18 per cent; Liebig Company's Beef Tonic, 23 per cent.

The conclusions reached by the series of topics under the head of alcohol and alcoholism should be good reading for the most sane of temperance advocates. It ought to be a brazer for publishers who sell their columns to patent medicine venders, in order that such people may easily extort a dollar for stuff not worth the glass in the bottle which contains it. If anything ails you, or ails the children, far better is it to apply the "old woman's medicine," and throw patent physic out of the window. A humane thought suppresses the quotation to "throw physic to the dogs."

A prominent Denver lawyer whose name just now we fail to recall, save that it begins with "Mc," comes back from a visit to Col. George B. McClellan, the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York. The Denver lawyer at one time was a member of the Democratic National committee, representing Colorado, and what he says may be regarded as expressing Colorado's Democratic sentiment. He told the Associated Press at New York that the voice of the west would go out for McClellan as the Democratic nominee for president. Among the names talked about and appearing in newspapers as probable candidates for what seems a forlorn hope, it is passing strange the name of McClellan was not mentioned until the Colorado lawyer called public attention to it. Why not McClellan? It's a good Scotch name, and belongs to the son of a father who made history in our Civil war. Somebody said before McKinley was elected that no "Mc," nor no red-headed man was ever president nor would ever be president. In western parlance, he did not "call the turn." McKinley was twice elected president, and, if our reading be not at fault, Thomas Jefferson was a red-headed president. Utah Democrats favor McClellan, for we note the departure of ex-Senators Joe Rawlins and Frank Cannon for New York to take part in the municipal campaign in that city.

Our Literary Cable

FOREIGN FREEMASONRY. WHY CATHOLICS CANNOT BE FREEMASONS.

This pamphlet, just issued by the International Catholic Truth society, Brooklyn, N. Y., should appeal with more than ordinary interest to Catholics in this country, from the fact that it is the best resume of foreign Masonry that has yet appeared in the English language, and is sold for the small sum of 5 cents. The pamphlet is made up of three articles published in the London Tablet of September, 1895, by D. Moncreiff O'Connor and, while containing very grave charges, has up to the present day remained unanswered.

From the fact that Freemasonry in this country is not of the virulent type of the European brand, it is sometimes agreed that its general condemnation by the Catholic church is unwarranted.

Those who take such a view must bear in mind that the Mason's common bond is that Freemasonry is a universal society; indeed, its unity has frequently been compared to that of the Catholic church. Consequently the organization is justly blamed for the tenets and practices of its chiefs in one country so long as these are not repudiated by other equally authoritative individuals or lodges. The quotations given in this pamphlet are the written or spoken views, not of obscure individuals, but of representative leaders and authorized Masonic organs. "The benevolent, philanthropic" (!) character of this society condemned by the Church may be seen from a few of the many quotations given in the pamphlet. On page 52: "In a permanent instruction adopted as a code and guide by the more advanced Italian Masons we read: 'Our final aim is that of Voltaire and the French revolution—the annihilation forever and ever of Catholicism and even of the Christian idea.'"

Again on page 46: "In the Masonic publication, the Voice of the Orient, we read: 'Why is the name of Christ never once pronounced in the oaths, nor in the prayers? Why do Masons date their era, not from the birth of Christ, but, like the Jews, from the creation of the world? But, supposing we could or would forget for an instant that a Christian Mason would be a flat contradiction, a square circle,' etc. "The Belgian Masonic authority, 'History of Freemasonry,' by Collin, says: 'We have an enemy—the priesthood. Destroy it and the world will instantly be radiated with the splendor of universal fraternity. In and out of the lodge, fight the priesthood and religion.'"

Page 49: "Verily, from some recent developments in certain European countries, it would seem that the instructions of the lodge masters were being thoroughly carried out."

The fair minded American Mason should lose no time in repudiating openly and publicly the doctrines and practices of his European confreres.

"St. Cuthbert's" is the title of a new book by the author of "Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy," which will be published in November. The phenomenal sales of Father Copus' first book is an evidence that he has caught the fancy of the young readers of the country.

The second book for our young people by this gifted author is intended to be the first of a series of three which relate the various experiences of students at St. Cuthbert's college. The story of the forthcoming book is inspiring and contains many an uplift which will make the readers not only happier but better boys. There is no preaching—fancy Father Copus preaching!—in the book, but it abounds in adventure. For those who revel in the mysterious there is scarcely anything in all boy literature more thrilling than the ghost story. The pages flow rapidly and one comes to the end of the tale all too soon. In the relation of Howard Hunter's experiences, and the peculiar happenings to Rob Jones, and the results, we are sure that our young readers will be intensely interested.

Father Copus knows the workings of a boy's mind as few authors know it, and he gives the reader his

experience. There are no long disquisitions on character and character building, yet the reader is unconsciously imbuing correct ideas in this regard at the same time he is absorbing interest.

The book is published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

The Catholic Truth society of San Francisco has published an immense edition of a 5-cent prayer book. It was compiled and issued at the request of a number of pastors who felt the need of such a little book. Many Catholics assist at mass without any prayer book. In the churches of the Pacific coast the Truth Society prayer book is placed on tables in book-cases in the vestibules so as to put it within the reach of the congregation. In some churches as many as one thousand copies were taken on the first Sunday and paid for.

The prayer book contains, in ninety-six pages, all the prayers and devotions necessary for the Catholic layman. Special attention has been devoted to the manner of assisting at mass. The order of the mass, being the English translation of the Missal, is well arranged. It is the work of a priest who has made a deep study of the liturgy. The divisions show the growth of the liturgy of the mass and the meaning of each part in the early discipline of the Church. It is the only scientific division of the mass published in any prayer book. There is also another method of assisting at mass for those who do not wish to follow the order. It consists of short devotional prayers on the Passion. The prayers for confession and communion are devotional and practical, and the Examination of Conscience is especially good. The prayer book is printed on fine paper in large new type.

The society has also issued a neat booklet on "The Way of the Cross." It is illustrated with reproductions of a famous set of Stations and contains all the prayers necessary to gain the indulgences. This booklet is timely to November.

One of Mother Loyola's books for children preparing for first confession and communion is also reproduced. It is "A Simple Confession Book," and even adults have found it useful. Pastors and Sisters preparing children for confession and first communion use it extensively.

All the publications of the Truth society sell for 5 cents each. Almost all the churches on the coast and many throughout the United States have book-cases of the Truth society. These are specially made and are capable of holding six or seven hundred of the Truth society's publications. These bookcases are set in the vestibules of the churches and are open to the congregation, who deposit their offerings for literature in a collection box attached. The plan has worked well. It has been found to be the best method of disseminating Catholic literature at popular prices.

Full information may be had from the Catholic Truth society, Flood building, San Francisco.

Father O'Growney.

(Dublin Freeman.)

We question if there has ever been seen in the Irish capital such a magnificent procession as that which passed through the streets of Dublin on Sunday behind the remains of Father Eugene O'Growney. What Father O'Growney had done for his people needed not to be said at his graveside; it was there in the long line of children, and young men and women which stretched for miles behind his coffin across the city. There were two funerals in the Irish capital with which Father O'Growney's is comparable—Parnell's and Terence Bellew MacManus's. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, as the world goes, was a much greater man than the humble professor of Gaelic at Maynooth, but what a contrast between the tributes paid by Ireland to the remains of the two patriots. Duffy was conveyed to his last resting place amid the regrets of a generation that is passing away; Father O'Growney was triumphantly carried to the Broadstone by a generation that is only growing into manhood, and that is breast-high for his ideas and ideals. The Parnell funeral was one intense so, for a great leader gone in his prime, and the MacManus funeral was a political demonstration meant to give the warning note to the Fenians; but Sunday's solemn funeral took the character of both. It was a triumph and a tocsin combined. The long line of mourners was conveying to the grave the men who re-created the idea of a new Gaelic nation; but it did not think of the dead. Davis sang passionately of a priest who, in "the proud year of '43," was indicted, while O'Connell, for his devotion to Ireland, and who, like Father O'Growney, died in harness, and in the midst of his work for the motherland.

Ugh! ugh! Kind was his heart!
Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part.
The faithful and pious, the Priest of the Lord,
His pilgrimage over, he has his reward,
By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling,
To God with the raised cross appealing,
He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray,
And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

That was the feeling of thousands on Sunday about Father O'Growney. He came from the people, he worked for the people, and by the people he was accompanied to his last rest. It is curious to reflect, too, that his remains came from far away California; as MacManus did, and after years of an earlier burial. The idea in both cases was the same. MacManus, the dead Young Irelander, crystallized the ideas of the Fenians. Father O'Growney, the dead Gaelic leaguer, whose whole life was given to the Gaelic cause, was the very embodiment of the hopes and ambitions of what has come to be known as Irish Ireland. He was one of the first, if not, indeed, the very first, to strike the note of the new time; and within the walls of the gray old college he inspired many a young Irish cleric with a love for Ireland of a kind so intimate and so beautiful that it seemed almost sacred in comparison with the patriotism of the platform and the marketplace.

"The sun set, but set not his hope!"
Stars rose, his faith was earlier up;
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eyes.
And matched his sufferance-sublime
The tactfulness of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again."

In the day in which he did his great work Father O'Growney was unknown except to his pupils in Maynooth, to a few Gaelic scholars, to a hundred or two Gaelic enthusiasts. Then ill-health overtook him and he sought rest and health in another country. He did not look for fame; but in his retirement on the far shores of the Pacific, when it might have been thought that he would have been forgotten, his name became in Ireland familiar as a household word. We all learned, fortunately, in this case not when it was too late, what we owed to the late Gaelic professor at Maynooth. Father O'Growney became as well known in Irish schools and Irish homes as the catechism or the simple arithmetic; and his "Easy Lessons" became as popular as the most fascinating detective stories. Who can realize what this modest priest without the slightest fuss or boast ing, has done for Ireland and for her ancient language? It is incalculable. And how pleasant it was on Sunday to find that Dublin and Ireland, and the Gaelic league, fully realized the debt. Nothing about the procession was so beautiful as the enormous proportion of children who took part in it; nothing so impressive as to see the large number of Catholic clergymen who walked after the great patriot's coffin. Father O'Growney: The honor it did him was well won. He deserved the best tribute his nation could give him; and it gave it to him on Sunday with reverence and admiration and most deep affection.